

==THE==
HOOSIER
==YEAR==

DUNN & CAREY

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THE HOOSIER YEAR

OF 366 INDIANA WRITERS
AND SPEAKERS

"Day Unto Day Uttereth Speech"

By
CATHERINE T. DUNN AND
ANGELINE P. CAREY



MAX R. HYMAN
INDIANAPOLIS

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ANGELINE P. CAREY

PRINTED BY
THE HOLLENBECK PRESS
INDIANAPOLIS

FOREWORD

THERE has been no little talk of Indiana authors, yet the popular discussion and the common knowledge of them are limited to about a dozen names; and most of the others are comparatively unknown. It is quite common to hear some one ask with surprise, "Was Joaquin Miller a native of Indiana?", "Is William T. Hornaday a Hoosier?", "Was William Vaughn Moody from your State?", "Is Sarah Killikelly an Indianian?", "Can you claim Annie Fellows Johnston?" and similar questions. In this centennial year we have thought it worth while to present some of our Indiana literature to the public through the medium of a quotation from a different Indiana writer or speaker for each day in the year, and we submit the result with confidence that the extracts given will not be found unworthy the State's reputation.

CATHERINE T. DUNN.

July, 1916.

ANGELINE P. CARY.

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JANUARY FIRST

AGAIN I hail the blessed morn
That brings to all another year ;
A smile for some, for some a tear,
But hope for all, to-day is born.

JONATHAN W. GORDON.

JANUARY SECOND

IT DOES not matter what work man does, how humble his vocation, if he does it well; if he has the true craftsman's love for excellent handiwork; and his delight in driving nails or digging his ditch straight and square, or tying a package neatly.

The farthest star in the immensity of space and the meanest weed in the fields are working together to some mighty purpose which is beyond the mind of man to grasp.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

JANUARY THIRD

IT WOULDN'T be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again ;
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we
grudged
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best
And what had seemed loss would be gain ;
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing
When we've faced it and laughed it away ;
And I think that the laughter is most what we're
after
In the Land of Beginning Again.

LOUISE FLETCHER CONNELLY.

JANUARY FOURTH

GOD made me.—
I question not the Builder,—
Believing still that his ways are wise.
This is the one sweet duty that I claim ;
To keep the palace chambers cool and pure,
And lily-chaste within, while they endure ;
And all the many turret lights aflame ;
To pour love's wine, and bid the world take part,
Around the purple altars of my heart.

DR. JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

JANUARY FIFTH

I (OPPORTUNITY) stand outside the padlocked gate
Of those who are prone to hesitate.
I stand, and patient wait until at last I see
They're unprepared to welcome me.

PETER M. DILL.

JANUARY SIXTH

LET us be ready, be expectant, be enthusiastic, be faithful, be on good terms honestly with ourselves and all those about us, and, above all, let us be cheerful.

MARY EILEEN AHERN.

JANUARY SEVENTH

ALL spirits arise out of one spirit, and are related to each other, as children of one father are alike by virtue of common spiritual origin.

There is one reason, and in that reason all persons are united.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON.

JANUARY EIGHTH

THE Know Thyself written over the Delphic portal may have meant, with characteristic obscurity, Study others, and in this way learn to know thyself.

KATE MILNER RABB.

JANUARY NINTH

THE knights could find the Holy Grail only in losing themselves. . . .

The man who knows this victory scarcely needs the encouragement of the hope of future happiness. There is a real heaven in bravely lifting the load of one's own sorrow and work.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

JANUARY TENTH

THE man who makes wise use of his mistakes is the man who surest reaches wisdom past mistaking.

WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

JANUARY ELEVENTH

SHOW me him, who, when he wills a thing,
Wills it forever—wills it from youth to age,
From age to death—a deep resolve, that turns
As true to one unchanged and constant point,
As needle to the pole—last thought at night,
And first at morn; a will that slumbers not,
But breaks in dreams, through sleep, a burning
 wish,
That, like the sacred flame in vesta's temple,
Lives on through chance and change, by day, by
 night,
Imperishing, unquenched. Show me the man
Who bears about him such a will as that;
And you have shown me one, whom nature
 formed
To bend his fellows unto his caprice;
In great things, or in small, for good or evil,
To make his will the guide and rule of theirs.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

JANUARY TWELFTH

THE good name of the Hoosier State has been established throughout the Nation. To be a resident of Indiana has come to be associated with culture, refinement and happy homes.

TIMOTHY E. HOWARD.

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

THE man who laughs is easily understood.

There is no mystery in the purpose of his being. He is a living, moving, breathing benediction, blessing all, and blessed by all.

HENRY CLAY FOX.

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

THE essential thing in this world is personality. It is this that conquers and uses nature, rules kingdoms, reshapes the world's policies, and drives back the moral death-damps from the face of society.

The potentials are within and they are creative. The universe without is the exponent of the soul's highest powers. There is nothing little or small that can possibly happen to a deathless spirit.

WILLIAM RILEY HALSTEAD.

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

LIFE was truly a boon to him, increasing in value with the years. It was, moreover, an unspeakably momentous fact, an experience not to be idly or carelessly passed through, but a privilege into which should be crowded as much useful achievement as possible.

GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

*Some impressions of George W. Julian,
By his daughter.*

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

PUR Sue happiness as an occupation and she will continuously fly from you and elude your chase. Pursue a nobler object, and happiness will come to you of her own accord and put her hand in yours and look into your eyes and crave recognition.

ORPHEUS M. EVERTS.

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

NOTHING great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost—
Every good deed nobly done,
Will repay the cost;
Leave to heaven in humble trust
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

IN ALL ages, in every clime, wherever man has been, there has man's soul recognized the power of God and looked up to Him as a Supreme Being, distinct from and ruling the universe. The greatest and most famous intellects, equally with the untutored mind, have borne witness to this truth.

FRANCIS SILAS CHATARD.

JANUARY NINETEENTH

"IN THE image of God created he him," is the unchangeable truth. One drop of water is not the ocean, yet it is like the ocean in every respect but its magnitude. Man is not God, but he is like God in every respect but His infinitude.

T. A. GOODWIN.

JANUARY TWENTIETH

God keep us from the sordid mood
That shrinks to self-infinitude,
That sees no thing as good or grand
That answers not the hour's demand.
And throws o'er heaven's splendors
 furled
The shadow of our little world.

ALBION FELLOWS BACON.

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

THE upward look in life is always the truest look; optimism, not pessimism, is the final philosophy. One rift in the clouds through which shines the blue of the sky is the revelation of a fact which all the mists and fogs that may blacken the heavens can not contradict.

ORTON H. CARMICHAEL.

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

WE ARE here in this world not primarily to do something, but to become something—to develop a nature that has in it unbounded possibilities—to build character.

Character is more than achievement, and it is not an inheritance. It is a construction. What we do to-day determines what we are to-morrow.

MATTHIAS L. HAINES.

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

THE kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,—
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most there is need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind
man's tears;
However little of worth we do
He credits full, and abides in trust
That time will teach us how more is just.—
He looks on sin with pitying eyes—
And feeling still with a grief half glad,
That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
He strikes straight out for the right.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

I WOULD that thou might need naught else to prove
Thy truth to God than the sweet school of love.
And that thy soul for no time howe'er brief
Might need the harsher discipline of grief.

JOHN G. CHAFFEE.

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

THOUGH he saw not the Lord in a burning bush, nor talked with Him on Sinai, he found Him in the lonely uplands of the sheep-ranges, and heard Him in the voiceless night, on the limitless desert.

ELIZABETH MILLER HACK.

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

THERE'S a great deal of make-believe in this world,—much affectation of joy as well as grief, which goes far towards intensifying the real articles. Believe in the bright side and you'll find your faith not only sustaining but creative.

MARGARET HOLMES BATES.

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

SOME say this world is a cold, cold world,
But it's always been bright to me,
With its hearthstone fires, and its warm desires
For the things that are yet to be.
And if I must labor I wait,
And trust to the fields I have sown;
For I know there is truth in the promise of
youth,—
I shall sometime come to my own.

ALFRED ELLISON.

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Lo, IN the darkened east I see
A star, large, bright, and many-rayed.
A kindly beam it throws to me.
I feign it whispers cheeringly,
"Tonight I watch; be not afraid, dismayed.
Through the still vigils of the night
My course I'll keep, firm, straight, and true.
Nor can the lowering heaven quite
Envelope with its mists the light
Of guiding gleams I send to you.

RENOS RICHARDS.

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

I TELL you there is that in you that will welcome sacrifice, poverty, pain and defeat, as a man puts out his arms to his sweetheart, graceful and beloved. To know this—and it's true—to feel it, if only once, lifts a man forever, and lets him say through all time and eternity: I was poor, I was humble, I was despised. But in my hour I chose—and chose greatly—and now I stand above all that any wealth or power can give, with those who for love and for right counted all else as nothing. It is a chance for which we thank God.

MARY JAMESON JUDAH.

JANUARY THIRTIETH

O PRAISE the Lord, my soul, my soul,
And all that is within me sing!
The dawn is like a crystal bowl
Brimmed for the heart's refreshioning,
And he who drinks, though he were old,
Shall feel the wings of Youth unfold,—
And he who drinks, though blind were he,
Though he were blind, shall see,—
Shall catch the wind's young hand and run
Across the uplands of the sun,
And down the valleys of the Spring,—
O praise the Lord, my soul, my soul,
And all that is within me—sing!

ELIZABETH FLETCHER.

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

SPARE me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars.

Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. . . . May the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

MAX EHLMANN.

FEBRUARY FIRST

WE MIGHT, like Moses, face to face
Talk daily with the Lord,

If we believed that every place
Doth burning bush afford.

Our feet, like His, on holy ground
Each day might stand, if we

Beheld the radiance all around
Which any eye may see ;

'Tis not the want of bush aflame,
The lack of hallowed mould,

It is our EYES that we must blame,
Our feet that we withhold.

MAY W. DONNAN.

FEBRUARY SECOND

DARE not, nor do
Aught thy whole soul does not sanction ;
To thy inmost soul be true.

MRS. J. V. S. KOONS.

FEBRUARY THIRD

WITHOUT this enlightened, unyielding self-control, our life is like a ship without compass or rudder, blown about by every wind and at last wrecked upon the beach. But, with it, it is like the same ship with a strong arm at the helm.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

FEBRUARY FOURTH

AN ORIGINAL genius makes us see what has always been before our eyes. The truth is that having a thing before the eyes is not seeing, far less knowing.

H. J. SCHONACKER.

FEBRUARY FIFTH

IF THE commencement and growth of our material prosperity are worthy of an enduring record ; much more the early struggles and labors for the establishment of a religious and moral influence, by which alone this prosperity can be sanctified and blessed. . . .

J. L. WILLIAMS.

FEBRUARY SIXTH

THERE was about him that clean, strong, sweet look of the absolutely healthy man who has buffeted the world and not been buffeted by the world.

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

NATURE, seen by partial glances,
A struggle for existence seems; when looked
At with the eye of Hope, the Mind of Faith,
It is the triumph of the Good, the True,
The Beautiful!

God is Religious! He acts in many ways,
But always building to the perfect life;
By means circuitous to man; to God
The only way!

JACKSON BOYD.

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

WE CAN NOT come to the heart of the mystery of the stars by measuring their distances, and resolving their substances into their original elements. The wonder grows with every new discovery, and we can but postpone God in the universe by ignoring Him. Silence can only conform to what God hath wrought.

MARTHA LIVINGSTONE MOODY.

FEBRUARY NINTH

WHAT the people want is open paths from every corner of the State, through the schools, to the highest and best things which men can achieve.

To make such paths, to make them open to the poorest and lead to the highest, is the mission of democracy.

WILLIAM LOWE BRYAN.

FEBRUARY TENTH

FAITH unadorned, the large, strong view of things.

The love of justice and his native land,

The sunny kindness of a noble soul,

The powerful shoulders and the horny hand,—

This is the measure of a God-made man

Who wears the crown of staunch simplicity,

Whose ample throne and mighty sceptre are

But these—the power to do, the strength to be.

KATHARINE JAMESON.

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

THE name of one to kindness prone,
A tender burden-bearing soul
Whom none, not even his nearest own,
Could fully comprehend, alone
In greatness and a selfless goal.

The Name of Lincoln.

NELLIE COLFAX SMITH.

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

HE WAS a stalwart son of freedom, rough
And angular in frame; in stature tall;
Who, like a giant, towered far above
The heads of men of common mould, as peaks
Shoot up above the mountain range, and pierce
The clouds. Their hooded crests of glittering
snow

Eternal beacons are to wanderers
Upon the dreary waste. So this man stood
Among his fellow-men. Men stopped to gaze
Upon him. Lank, uncouth of build, they saw
Deep hidden in that rough exterior,
An uncut diamond. That freedom's air
Ne'er breathed upon a mind and soul so great,
Nor into a heart so tender and so true.

Lincoln.

JACOB P. PRICKETT.

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

THE daisy blooming on the hill,
Is but the simple daisy still
As when the plowman poet found
Its drooping petals on the ground.

The heart throbs, that in other times
Were woven into metric rhymes,
Are just the same today as then;
The self-same passions govern men;
Evangelines still live and wait
For ancient Gabriels long and late.

WILLIAM W. PFRIMMER.

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

LOVE loses nothing of its worth,
And beauty bides upon the earth,
The same to-day as when of old,
With sweetest song the lover bold,
Decked like a bridegroom rare and fine,
Came forth to meet his VALENTINE.

WILLIAM B. VICKERS.

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

FOR what is life at best, more than a chance to serve right worthily? The noblest souls of earth have made life fair with loving deeds. The perfect law of love bears fruit in service.

ELIZABETH E. FOULKE.

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

THE future holds in her apocalypse the figure of a man who makes his own laws, and keeps them; who serves the state and yet is free; who keeps his covenant without a bond, and his word without an oath; who signs no contracts and breaks no pledges; who lives for himself without selfishness, and dies for others without regret.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

O MY vain soul! have peace—
The world alone is mine, and I would grow
As a tall tree into the heavenward air,
Knitting my roots more deeply in the earth
While day abounds and sunshine warms the world;
Or, when the darkness and the blast come on,
Stand high against the battling storm, and know
The mighty joy of bravery—
For there are life and death, and life is mine,
And death seems far away,—a sacred thing.

JETHRO C. CULMER.

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

LIFE means mastery and assimilation of the outward
forces of existence, to our own betterment.

WILLIAM ALLEN WOOD.

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

EVERY one who does a good and generous act is made better by the doing; the very thought of it is stimulating and ennobling.

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS.

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

WESTWARD the burning bugles of the day
Are blowing strong across America.
New laws, new arts, new gods, new souls
 of men,
New hopes and charities.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

I SAW, I saw
In the fullness of time
All the meaning sublime
In the coming of ships from the Orient sea.
And the bow with its bars
Set in manifold stars,
Was the sign that God wills that all men shall be free.

JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

TO-DAY a need where wrong and greed
Have sapped the nation's living,
Is men grown strong who dare to long
To be best known for giving.
To-day look back where growth began,
And sing with me for a God-made man.

Washington.

ROSCOE GILMORE SCOTT.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

JONATHAN'S name has rung sweet in men's ears for more than thirty centuries because he was capable of perfect friendship. It takes sympathy and honesty, constancy and unselfishness, to make a perfect friend. And yet we read that the "soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

HARRIET NOBLE.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

IT IS claimed that all war can be avoided by arbitration of all disputes between nations. Let us go as far and as fast as possible in that direction; but in preparing for defense we have to consider, not whether nations will arbitrate to-morrow, but what they will do to-day.

LUCIUS B. SWIFT.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

MEN and women are called neither to joy nor to sorrow, but to meet the occasion ever newly rising.
. . . No one can be happy out of his place. If you try to leave it, misery will follow you, and no matter how swiftly you fly or how far you go, it will overtake you.

GRACE ALEXANDER.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

THOU, O God, art good
And wise and just
I will believe—in Thee
I will have trust
That we may yet be free.
That every yearning soul
Shall find its own
Utopia, which is heaven.

MARY E. NEALY.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

MORTAL! Be merciful and just
All else of creed is but as dust.

Be this, not for reward of heaven,
But for the love that God hath given,

Be merciful, be just,
And thou mayest hope and trust.

STEPHEN S. HARDING.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

SOMEWAY, sometime, somewhere, compensation
comes to all who are its creditors.

HARRIET OSGOOD NOWLIN.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

THERE are a few great works, both in art and literature, which impress us not so much by their beauty as by their compelling power. No one can listen to the "Ring of the Nibelungs" without feeling the hand of a master in the creation of the harmonies it contains. No one can look on the figures painted by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel without a sense of awe in the presence of forms of such majesty and power.

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

MARCH FIRST

BUT spring will come again! and losing naught,
But rather gaining by your lesson learned
Of calm endurance, shall your beauty grow,
Fed by the gentle influence of soft, warm showers
And golden sunshine, filtered lovingly
Through your dark boughs, and dripping down
Upon the teeming earth. And lo!
The violet, the wild flower and the fern,
And all the beauties of the dawning year
Answer their sovereign's call!

BESSIE JOHNSON BELLMAN.

MARCH SECOND

WHETHER by day or night we see
Clouds where thy winds have driven
none,
Let unto us, as unto Thee
The darkness and the light be one.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

MARCH THIRD

FEAR is a shadow monster
That dwells in the castle of Doubt,
In the wilderness of Fancy,
With storm clouds walled about.
PAUL HUNTER DODGE.

MARCH FOURTH

A "STILL, small voice," I hear it,
Like gentle music fall,
One soul outweighs the spoil of worlds
To the ruler over all.
ISAAC H. JULIAN.

MARCH FIFTH

THE highest thing a man can aspire to is "to ease the burden of the world." Either consciously or unconsciously, that is what every artist does who paints a master-piece.

Every author and musician whose work lives, does the same. Every inventor who creates something to make toil easier, and life happier, eases that burden to a degree.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

MARCH SIXTH

YES! I will welcome all, nor will refuse
Or joy or pain,
If I may gain,
Through all the changing light and deepening
shade
One step nearer
One hope dearer
That out of all my soul may rise the purer
And find the path
Which ever hath
Brought them who suffer on their way the
surer.

CONSTANCE FAUNT LE ROY RUNCIE.

MARCH SEVENTH

BE IT ours to feel that "the life in the living, it savors the worth;" that there is value in a ray of sunshine; that the vista of a dusty street may hold a glimpse of Elysium; that a sweet sound may dispel the cares of the day; that in hurried answers to the call, "get," "get," "do," "do," we have over-run the rare worth of life; lost the marrow of its sweetness, lost the end in the means, been driven aside from real living into a feverish existence.

MORRIS ROSS.

MARCH EIGHTH

STRONG in thy steadfast purpose be
Like some brave master of the sea,
Whose keel, by Titan pulses quickened, knows
His will where'er he goes.

However driven, to that island fair,
His compass not more faithful than his heart,
He makes his path the ocean wide—
His prow is always there!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

MARCH NINTH

THERE are two irrepressible forces at work in our modern civilization; one, intensely practical, looking only to the present, would "kill the goose that lays the golden egg." Such people would rather have a good cabbage bed in their front yard than sweet peas or nasturtiums. They look only at the dollar in all their calculations. It is this spirit that would cut off the entire timber supply of the land that it might be converted into lumber. This spirit sees no beauty except the beauty of a bank account.

Z. T. SWEENEY.

MARCH TENTH

FIT type of One who rose with healing in His wings,

We hail Thee, sent from heaven to bless Thy offspring, Earth.

Apostrophe to the Sun.

RICHARD OWEN.

MARCH ELEVENTH

EVEN the religious latitudinarianism of the New Harmony communists, so bitterly denounced in its own day, has served as a leaven of liberality in religious thought itself, until the narrow type of religion which the Owenites so steadfastly opposed, has in a large measure disappeared.

GEORGE BROWNING LOCKWOOD.

MARCH TWELFTH

THE purpose to which his (Josiah Warren's) life was devoted was not one that brings emolument, praise or fame. Only the obscure and lowly were the objects of his unceasing efforts.

WILLIAM BAILIE.

MARCH THIRTEENTH

WHEN friends abound or love proves all untrue,
When winds of fortune blow from every coast,
Or troupes of troubles press me, host on host,
Be skies of ashen gray or purest blue,
While tender grace of heaven is still unspent,
I am content.

ROBERT E. PRETLOW.

MARCH FOURTEENTH

THE only people who are really badly off in this world are the ones without imagination, and they don't know it.

ALICE WOODS ULLMAN.

MARCH FIFTEENTH

THE cheerful and changeful pages of the seasons were here turned with a confidence born of knowledge that if one good went, another came; if the joys of Winter were past, those of Spring were just as sweet.

S. A. SHAFER.

MARCH SIXTEENTH

HE WHO would make his life a precious thing
Must nurse a kindly purpose in his soul,
And with a sunny patience follow it.

LUTHER DANA WATERMAN.

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

CONTENTMENT does not consist in getting or keeping, but in being. It depends not on what we have, but on what we are; not on where we go, but on how we act; not on the condition of the body, but on the condition of the mind and soul.

JOHN WALTER PARKER.

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

MEN who found empires should not be forgotten. They plant the tree of civil liberty, and water its roots, while those who come after them but trim its branches to preserve its symmetry. If they plant carelessly in poor soil the tree will have but a sickly growth. That the men who planted Indiana in the wilderness sixty-seven years ago planted wisely and well, is evidenced by its wonderful growth.

WILLIAM WESLEY WOOLLEN.

MARCH NINETEENTH

IT WILL scarcely be questioned that in all places and in every condition and degree of progress and civilization, the mercenary spirit has ever been found the chief hindering cause to the elevation and improvement of the human race.

WILLIAM CUMBACK.

MARCH TWENTIETH

THE name of him who sang of Home Sweet Home,
Is now enshrined with every holy feeling;
And though he sleeps beneath no sainted dome,
Each heart a pilgrim at his shrine is kneeling.

SIDNEY DYER.

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

TRUTH is a flaming target; broad and bright,
Its beams refulgent glance athwart the night—
The night of Error. PETER F. REED.

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

THE way is dark and lone and far,
The mists of gloom around me rise;
Look through thy tears! behold a star
Soft shining in the tranquil skies.
M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

O SINGER, cease thy lay!
(Since it was not the world, but I went wrong,) Thy music brings a flood of tears
That purge self-love away;
And now I see
How idle misery appears
Whilst one hath yet to-day.

THOMAS E. SMILEY.

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

You do not give up, Master Pelissy.
That always shows the great man.

AUGUSTA STEVENSON.

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

THE seasons were created and set in motion that seed-time and harvest might come at certain appointed place, assuring us of God's promise that seed-time and harvest shall never fail.

WILLIAM C. SMITH.

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

TO ACCEPT the worst that Fate can deal, and to wring courage from it instead of despair, that is success.

I think all people are made of the same material, only in such different proportions. I think a little world might hold as much as the largest.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

THERE can be no doubt that much of the prosperity and growth of Indiana is due to the character of those early missionaries of the Cross who traversed its wilderness preaching and teaching. The various denominations were early in the field battling for the cause of education, and all have for many years supported educational institutions of high character. They have been first in every laudable enterprise.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

HERS was—no cheerless optimism of ignorance, but the through and through courage of strength of those who flinch for no bogey that life or death can conjure.

. . .

She did not hide her poverty; she beautified it; she dignified it into Spartan simplicity.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

DEAR Heart, dream on, dream dreams of light;
Sweet, noble thoughts soar up on pinions white,
And high resolves oft make life's darkest way
Kindle with radiance, like the dawn of day.
Crown one swift minute with the glow of hope,
Point one dull eye along the upward slope,
Smite with love's sweet and matchless power
Cold hearts to live in warmth, if but an hour.

JOHN T. LECKLIDER.

MARCH THIRTIETH

YOUR life may be shut in on every side, but you have forgotten to look upward. There are no boundaries above you. Thank God, there is no limit to the possibilities opened out to all of us in that direction.

MARY McCRAE CULTER.

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

THE love of reading is a great gift, for books will not only add to thy knowledge, but will make thee acquainted with good and noble thoughts.

And, as to seeing wonders where others see only common-place things, I lay all that to thy imagination, which may be a blessing or a curse, according to thy ways of using it.

Let me say to thee, therefore, Be guided by the light that is in thee.

JAMES BALDWIN.

APRIL FIRST

(Birthday of Prof. Morse.)

FORTUNATE and glorious as our history in many things has been, it has no page as bright as this. Fulton and Franklin and Morse are American names.

We have lived as a nation less than a century, and yet, in the realms of useful philosophy, practical art and beneficial science, all the centuries of all the past furnish no parallel to our glory. The American mind has contributed more in these walks to the elevation and happiness of mankind than all the other nations and ages of the world combined. All else may fail us, but this will never fail. Our liberties may be lost, our free form of government may fall to the ground, our very American name may be blotted from the map of the nations; but the inventions of American genius will continue to illuminate the world with a light as imperishable as the stars in the heavens.

DANIEL WOLSEY VOORHEES,
Tribute to Professor Morse.

APRIL SECOND

Who hath not welcomed, with a grateful heart, the
spring-time birds,
And felt the charm their melodies bestow?

ORAN K. PARKER.

APRIL THIRD

ALL outside of man, heaven with its stars, earth with its manifold fringed covering of beauty is but a guide-post; a multifold hand pointing beyond to the Maker.

Wherefore does man study Nature but to find out how to govern himself?

HERBERT GROSVENOR HUFFORD.

APRIL FOURTH

A CITY is a confluence of energies. As night closes about the thronging multitudes that surge restlessly through the avenues of our great cities, the thoughts born of the day's activities are garnered into a snowy sheaf, and before the dawn of another morning the winged energies speed restlessly into the outlying districts, falling into slower pulses, rousing and touching the dormant strength awaiting the watchword, "I have need of Thee."

HARRIET NEWELL LODGE.

APRIL FIFTH

WHEN a man begins to dwell in the past he begins to check the current of his force. The past may be a lamp, but a lamp is not made to be looked at; its function, rather, is to render other things visible. The past is a lamp set in a great reflector that sends the rays streaming down into the future; if the lamp is to be of service we must look away from the lamp itself to that upon which it shines.

JOHN P. D. JOHN.

APRIL SIXTH

A TRANSIENT lay—the bird flew on—
Yet in that passing strain,
A hundred songs of love and peace
Mingled in glad refrain.
And Hope came back with healing wing;
Death's shadow turned to day;
From out my heart that melody
Has never died away.

SUSAN E. WALLACE.

APRIL SEVENTH

ON EVERY hand the bursting buds
Foretell earth's resurrection hour,
When all the world shall blossom as the rose,
Reflect the law of love,
And once again enact the miracle of life.

WILLIAM BRADFORD DICKSON.

APRIL EIGHTH

THE violets lift their eyes of blue,
The wild-flow'rs on the wooded hills,
The tulips and the daffodils,
Nod to the robin's song anew!

Behold! the earth is fair again,
Proclaiming loud the Easter creed
From seeming death the waking seed
Bursts into life on hill and plain.

HERMAN RAVE.

APRIL NINTH

O, SHOUT for the gold of the dandelion!
For the emerald of the sod!
And sing for the blue, ever shifting through
From the turquoise throne of God!

MARY H. FLANNER.

APRIL TENTH

Two men there were whose journey lay
Down green, tree-bordered paths to-day,
But one had eyes that would not see
The wayside's art-divinity.
He did not hear Bob White's refrain
Come echoing from down the lane;
He did not catch the plowboy's yell
Of welcome to the dinner-bell.
He did not hear the old man sigh
In pity as he hurried by—
He did not see him stoop to get
God's sweetest thing,—a violet!

WILLIAM HERSCHELL.

APRIL ELEVENTH

WHAT the soul needs inevitably and irresistibly gravitates to it—The law of Nature says the motto of life shall be, "I serve."

HETTY ATTON MORRISON.

APRIL TWELFTH

THERE is clearly a certain insincerity, in other words an immorality in all conformity unaccompanied by conviction, and it is at least questionable whether it is ever a virtuous act to immolate self on the altar of public opinion.

MARY E. CARDWILL.

APRIL THIRTEENTH

It is as if a day of Heaven
Had fallen from on high,
And God's own smiles
For sunlight given,
Were beaming through the sky.

NOBLE BUTLER.

APRIL FOURTEENTH

Gracious and strong, like the knights of old,
The hands of the weak upholding,
You shield the grasses at your feet
With the strength of your close enfolding;
And with allies of friendly bloom
On the barren hillside grouping,
You draw your lines to hide the waste,
To the distance on still trooping;
Ho, Iron-weed! Ho, Iron-weed!
Keep your place in the van and make good speed.

KATE M. CAPLINGER.

APRIL FIFTEENTH

TO-DAY is your day and mine; the only day we have; the day in which we play our part.

What our part may signify in the great whole, we may not understand, but we are here to play it and now is our time.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

APRIL SIXTEENTH

LET us have faith in the sturdy common sense and unquenchable loyalty and patriotism of the people, as becomes those who have seen them confront the greatest trials and never yet found them wanting.

Above all, let us remember that Providential guidance, which in our trials hitherto has favored us exactly in the degree we have allied our cause to justice, and withheld from us the prize of success as often as we have sought it at the expense of the rights of man.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

AH ME! I trust there is not all of truth
In what I hear the cynic say,
Whose love of hate and hate of love, in sooth
Would thwart the robin's roundelay.
But haply he may yet some sunny day,
As to the greater power he yields,
Feel how, like Falstaff, he has missed the way,
And, dying, babble of green fields.

HORACE F. HUBBARD.

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

THE flower of happiness can only bloom
Where virtue tills the soil and love abides.

CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK.

APRIL NINETEENTH

To MAKE one little golden grain
Requires the sunshine and the rain,
The hoarded richness of the sod—
And God.

To make one life that's white and good,
Fit for this human brotherhood,
Demands the toil of many years—
And tears. STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

APRIL TWENTIETH

GREEN, wide beautiful hills of Brown!
With the peach bloom folds in your Easter gown,
And songs of joy in your white frills pressed,
Can Fontainebleau be fairer dressed?
MARY ELLEN SNOW.

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

ARBOR DAY

I BELIEVE that Nature never more truly loved mankind than when she surrounded him with beautiful trees, and filled those trees with singing birds, for I know that the silent influence of majestic forests has carried the soul to unmeasured heights and a sweet melody from the throat of a thrush has softened a turbulent spirit and quickened humane impulses.

ADELAIDE STEELE BAYLOR.

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

A ROBIN sings from yonder swaying limb;
Gay herald of returning life is he,
Of resurrection from the winter's chill.
Sweet songster! Thy melodious raptures thrill
The ear of nature, and I long to be
As free in spirit and as glad as thou,
Atilt and singing on the swaying bough.

MAUD ELIZABETH PATE.

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

GOD, only, knows what vast harvests spring out of the smallest seed of right intention or holy endeavor. There is an immortality of good deeds on this side of the grave.

The unseen, unconscious influence which we may have among men is a thousandfold greater than any visible power we may exert.

FERDINAND C. IGLEHART.

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

ALL hail! Free, holy Thought
No tyrant's might can fetter and imprison thee,
For thou art Infinite.

AMANDA L. R. DUFOUR.

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

WHEN a man feels himself led by an unseen hand, he would gladly follow. There is an intuition that is better than reason. . . .

The image of a pure woman injures no man's heart. It keeps him in the narrow way and guides his hand for righteousness.

CHARLES MAJOR.

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

NO PART of self-knowledge is more important than to perceive clearly these two principles, namely, the self-seeking and the disinterested; and it lies in the province of manliness to depress the former and exalt the latter.

SAMUEL K. HOSHOUR.

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

IF IT be true that after leaving this bright world
We may return in other form,
I'd choose to be a meadow lark. He, who
Performs his homely duties close to earth;
And yet may rise to heights untold,—
With a clear call that penetrates
The soul; and forces us to lift
Our eyes to heaven. And, unlike us,
He can and does return from paradise
Unspoiled—and cheerfully resumes
The tasks he'd left unfinished.

CARRIE HUNT LATTA.

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

THE cloud that had obscured her spiritual sight lifted.
She saw herself an imperfect human creature, but, with
all her faults and frailties, an atom of the divine essence;
her little life a part of the divine plan, her sorrows and
trials the discipline inflicted by love.

ANNA NICHOLAS

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

By HIS song of faithful love,—
And by the whispering leaves above,
I knew the robin was my friend.

ELIZABETH CONWELL WILSON.

APRIL THIRTIETH

I FEEL as if the Almighty was so real and so near that I could reach out and touch Him, as I could this wonderful work of His, if I dared. I feel like saying to Him,— To the extent of my brain power, I realize Your Presence, and all it is in me to comprehend of Your power.

Help me to unshackle and expand my soul to the fullest realization of Your wonders.

Almighty God, make me bigger, make me broader.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

MAY FIRST

COME with me across the meadows,
Through the sunshine and the shadows.

.
Where the apple blooms are made.

CLARA VAWTER.

MAY SECOND

WE CAN not help our fellow men unless we believe in
them and in their desire and capacity for improvement.

Do not linger too long under the shadow of old blunders.

JOHN L. GRIFFITHS.

MAY THIRD

IF E'ER I have sold my sword for gold,
Have joined with the pack that hounded the weak;
If one dare accuse, the accuser may speak,
I will count my fame a tale that is told.

If in castled creed the prisoner's sigh
Has been borne by the breeze in vain to my ear,
You may count it one with the craven's fear,
And my motto here a blazoned lie.

CLAIBORNE ADDISON YOUNG.

MAY FOURTH

THE wind came blowing out of the West
It stirred the green leaves out of their rest,
And rocked the blue-bird up in his nest.

.
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around.

WILLIAM W. HARNEY.

MAY FIFTH

I SOMETIMES feel that it is a hardship that all animal life can not communicate with each other.

Would there not be less wrong inflicted then?

Would a man kill a bird if it could say, "Sir, will you not spare my life? Have I done you any wrong? Have I not been your friend?"

WILLIAM WATSON WOOLLEN.

MAY SIXTH

THROATS of happy bird-life fling
Their life's essence, sculptured into sound—
All Worlds their One.

FLORENCE LINSLEY FOX.

MAY SEVENTH

THE home is the best, as it is the first, school of good citizenship. It is the great conservative and assimilating force. It is in the home that we first learn obedience, and respect for law.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

MAY EIGHTH

IT IS Life that is sublime. It is Opportunity that is ecstatic! It is the unhoused, unfurred, and naked animal found in the field—this mankind that may laugh at death.

. . .
May not the eternal songs of paradise recall our vagrant lives, and make them lovable?

JOHN MCGOVERN.

MAY NINTH

THE noblest victories sometimes arise from defeats. Nothing can be permanently beautiful which is not also good.

There is something beautiful even in misfortunes, as there are certain beauties which can be only seen in ruins.

God does not reveal himself to one being more than to another, except in the proposition of its capacity to receive and know Him.

HORACE P. BIDDLE.

MAY TENTH

A FLURRY of larks in the air,
The grasshopper's shrill ;
The prattle of children awakened,
The creak of the mill—
A shepherd lad winding his horn,—
And lo ! it is morn !

MARIE L. ANDREWS.

MAY ELEVENTH

A NARROW life shut in by petty care,
Has room for duty and for beauty, too;
Beauty of faithful serving,—what more fair
Can angels offer to the Master's view?

The dandelion's disks of gold
Like mimic suns the greensward dot,
In woods beyond the meadow-lot
The violet's shy blue eyes unfold.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

MAY TWELFTH

FUN makes the wheels of life go round more smoothly. It quickens the pulses, it strengthens the muscles, it expands the lungs, it elevates the spirits, it makes life worth living. . . . Fun, like ancient All Gaul, may be divided into three parts: Innocent fun, foolish fun, and malicious fun. The first is wholesome and commendable, the second silly, the third sinful. A. W. MACY.

MAY THIRTEENTH

EVERY express train, every fast freight line, every telegraph wire tends to turn the eyes of men away from their own little life to the broader scenes of the world. Every thundering locomotive, as it tears down the slender, curving track of steel in the darkness of midnight, with a single eye of flame and its lungs of fire, obscuring quiet stars with a curtain of smoke and shaking hill and hamlet in its fearful race, is a helper of humanity—is an arch enemy of narrow-mindedness, of illiberality and bigotry.

AUGUSTUS LYNCH MASON.

MAY FOURTEENTH

MOTHER'S DAY.

WHO can measure her debt to that feeble mother, or know how greatly she was beholden to her for the development of virtues of patience and self-sacrifice, endurance and courage?

These hearth-stone heroines,—who can number them! They sit unregarded in the ashes like Cinderella, yet do their duty as unflinchingly as the soldier at the front, without his hope of glorious reward.

CAROLINE KROUT (CAROLINE BROWN).

MAY FIFTEENTH

BUT to see clearly is the gift of the young and the old. Possibly that is the reason Emma's homely face was very lovely to me ; for I was seeing with the bright vision of a world I had but recently quitted. I was seeing, through Emma's coarse, irregular features, clear to the soul of her.

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE.

MAY SIXTEENTH

THE past is gone,—its hopes, its fears,
Its eager joys, its bitter tears ;
All, all are gone.—The present calls,
And naught the future holds appalls,—
For this day with its wondrous hours
Of opportunity, is ours !

ISAAC DUNN.

MAY SEVENTEENTH

AS HE walked along he thought of the composition of that crowd; of its various but blended character; of its singular contradictions and the opposite ends of life which it represents. And he learned a great deal more about the problem he had come to solve than some men have learned of their lesser problems in a lifetime.

LEROY ARMSTRONG.

MAY EIGHTEENTH

PEACE DAY

THE birds of morning rise and shake
The music from their souls again;
I hear them in the tangled brake;
They warble down the shadowy glen;
And still, to me
They seem to be
Forever fluting out the call,
"Come up! Come up!
The royal feast
Is spread for man, and bird, and beast,
With peace on earth, good will to all."

BENJAMIN S. PARKER.

MAY NINETEENTH

I HEAR the vespers of angels,
Afloat at the twilight hours,
And I'm less alone in the world than they
Who can not commune with the flowers.

ESTHER NELSON KARN.

MAY TWENTIETH

ONCE within the land of May
Joy with me kept holiday,
Led me on the uplands green,
Where the heights of heaven were seen.

Now, within the land of May,
Other hearts keep holiday ;—
Still the voice of joy I hear,
Filling all the atmosphere.

ZERELDA NICHOLAS MCCOY.

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

THE song thou art singing with rhythmical flow
Is the song thou wert singing long aeons ago,
When thy waters welled sparkling and clear from their
source

And the finger of God marked thy bounds and thy course ;
Still thine alders will bend and thine aspens will quiver
O'er thy moon-flooded surface, thou beautiful river.

To the Ohio River.

BESSIE H. WOOLFORD.

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

AH, ALL the pettiness of life
Drops off when standing face to face
With Nature on the lonely hills—
Freedom's majestic dwelling-place.
Above life's moil the rarer air,
When Autumn's vale fires redly burn,
Like wine our jaded strength renews,
And childhood's peace and faith return.

MELISSA E. BANTA.

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

TURN the word of God into your own dull heart before
you judge your neighbor.

HENRY THEW STEPHENSON.

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

PEAL forth again your notes, oh, bugles !
With sounds of peace like rhythmic rune,
Salute with songs the nation's morning,
That ne'er shall know an afternoon.

BENJAMIN D. HOUSE.

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

O STAINLESS knight-errant of labor,
Our eyes have been holden—but now
We know that for musket and saber
Thy arms were the axe and the plow!
We will cross them in heraldic fashion
A blazonry never to cease,
And wrap in our hearts fondest passion
The good, gallant soldier of peace.

HOWARD S. TAYLOR.

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

DENUNCIATIONS against parties and against men will answer no purpose,—if we can not agree as brethren still we may have the satisfaction of feeling that we at least differ as friends? I blame no man for differing with me.

JOSEPH E. McDONALD.

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

THOUGH men be foes, seas rise and mountains nod,
There is no terror in the world but one,
To live apart from God.

MINNETTA TAYLOR.

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

It is impossible to impart to one who never participated in a battle the feelings of the soldiers themselves, when, amidst the roar of cannon, the bursting of shells and the flash of musketry, opposing hosts madly rush against each other in charge and counter-charge "when men become iron with nerves of steel," and those who at home were esteemed the most quiet and orderly citizens, become, for the time, animated with almost supernatural courage that makes them utterly fearless of death.

DANIEL WAITE HOWE.

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

FOLD up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

WILL H. THOMPSON.

MAY THIRTIETH

Lo, EAST is West, and North is South,
And the bravest forget the soonest of all;
The last shot is wedged in the cannon's mouth,
And the happy hills echo our bugle call—
We are coming half way to meet you.

G. A. R. National Encampment at Louisville, Ky.

CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN.

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

IT WAS eighteen centuries ago that the Prince of Peace came upon earth and gave his injunction of peace, good will and brotherly kindness to mankind, and during most of those eighteen centuries his professed followers have been fighting each other like savages. In all the history of the world there is nothing more utterly pitiful than these miserable contentions between alleged Christians.

JACOB P. DUNN.

JUNE FIRST

IT NEEDS the Almighty with all His chemistry to make and keep one blade of grass. The great sun rises for its sake. One pansy needs the universe.—All things must exist that one may.

Read the best that has been thought and said. One face we inherit, the other we make. The face we make and die with is made out of thoughts.

MYRON W. REED.

JUNE SECOND

ALL Nature points out to man the gratitude due the Divine Dispenser of good. Hardened must that heart be against the feelings of sensibility which the harmony and fragrance of this early morning awakens not to a perfect sense of it.

HADLEY S. KIMBERLING (FRANZ SEGEL).

JUNE THIRD

THERE is a blessedness that is better than happiness.

ANGELINA TEAL.

JUNE FOURTH

'TWAS in the month when roses bloom,
And lark first learns to spread the wing ;
When God says to His song-birds, "Sing!"
And to His flowers, "Give forth perfume!"

GRANVILLE BALLARD.

JUNE FIFTH

DIVINE discontent is the very mainspring of human progress.

.

In my view the most imperative decree of Providence is that we shall use the faculties it has bestowed upon us in an earnest and ceaseless endeavor to better conditions, for ourselves and others.

GEORGE CAREY EGGLESTON.

JUNE SIXTH

SOMEWHERE, somehow,
The deed of love
That made us better, truer,
Beyond our ken, shall live again.

G. HENRI BOGART.

JUNE SEVENTH

ONE of the commonest and most pardonable of our mistakes is in imagining that life can always be at high-water mark. The ability to feel strongly any emotion depends upon the presence of intervening periods when we do not feel.

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

JUNE EIGHTH

LIFE then becomes a thing so vast, so august, so eternal, in harmony and in correspondence with the immensity of the creation of God and our dreams and conceptions of things, that even to be alive, to feel the thrill of ecstasy or the throb of pain is joy beyond compare.

CLYDE EDWIN TUCK.

JUNE NINTH

GOD has given this new world to a new race of men and women,—whose great allegiance is to Him,—one bright land of liberty, hope and opportunity for all.

W. O. BATES.

JUNE TENTH

He lives in mighty works he wrought ;
He lives in holy lives he taught ;
He lives in golden thoughts that came
On wings of love.

On the death of Bishop Simpson.

ALFRED KUMMER.

JUNE ELEVENTH

WORK with a definite purpose! Therein lay his salvation. Work, the master which sometimes may seem a cruelly exacting one, but which, in the long run, confers the most satisfying rewards. Work! The solvent of all sorrows, and the bestower of the most lasting happiness.

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

JUNE TWELFTH

IT is a kind dispensation of Providence towards men that, as the years go by, the greatest griefs, the keenest sufferings, mentally and physically, gradually lose their bitterness and sorrow, and after a long period of time men may look back upon them with complacency and with precious and hallowed memories.

CHARLES W. SMITH.

JUNE THIRTEENTH

STATE pride is the necessary background for national pride and patriotism. No pride is lasting unless it is based upon understanding. R. J. AND MAX ALEY.

JUNE FOURTEENTH

ALL hail to the flag of the brave and the free,
Far famed in song and in story ;
It waves o'er the land, it floats o'er the sea,
And no other banner ever can be
So dear to us as Old Glory.

D. W. McKEE.

JUNE FIFTEENTH

THE night is past—the stars have gone—
The soft gray vesture of the dawn
Creeps slowly up the mountain's way—
The silent pledge of coming day.

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

JUNE SIXTEENTH

MARQUETTE'S boundless patriotism and religious zeal made him little less than a martyr to the interests of the nation of which he was a citizen, and of the religion to which he had consecrated his life. FREDERICK OGG.

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

THE purest and the holiest love is that which stands ready to sacrifice everything to make its object happy.

CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

WHAT language did they (the Mound Builders) speak, of what appearance were they in form and face; after what pattern was their dress fashioned? Whence did they go on that last journey? What transpired to detain them? Whither did they vanish?

MILLARD F. COX (HENRY SCOTT CLARK).

JUNE NINETEENTH

So TALL

And gifted with fair grace are hollyhocks,
As flat against the old board fence they rest,
And shimmer with the dew of dawn, and call
To matins all the birds, while gently rocks
The ardent bee upon a glowing breast.

ESTHER GRIFFIN WHITE.

JUNE TWENTIETH

TRUE love can renounce forever and a day; it can sit
beside the springs and never drink; serve the board and
eat nothing; years are nothing to it; change does not
touch it; it does not hunger, does not wait,—it gives!

KATHERINE EVANS BLAKE.

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

LONGEST DAY

“LONGEST day went off westward in beautiful crimson and gold.”—*Charles Lamb*.

Longest day for Truth;—Oh—priceless hours,
Domed with blue—and graced with song and flowers.
Longest day for Beauty,—heart’s desire
Wrought to pure perfection in Life’s fire.
Longest day for Goodness,—Kindness,—Love,—
Precious gifts to man from Powers above.

EMMA NUNEMACHER CARLETON.

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

THE revelation of God to man is in his own consciousness of that which is right and good.

Higher than this can no man attain, to live to the level of his highest thought, for that is God’s thought for him.

OSCAR C. McCULLOCH.

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

I WOULD not have the cup of service that I give to my fellow-man hold one bitter drop.

It behooves us to raise the standard of motherhood so that coming generations may look back upon our time as a glorious epoch in the formation of a great citizenship.

ESTELLE N. OCHILTREE.

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

IN THE holy word, freedom, we encounter one of the world's greatest problems, one which waits for solution in a definition acceptable to all.

JOSIAH WARREN.

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

HER visits left a better reasoning and understanding of life, and satisfaction in doing one's duty even if there were no other reward than that of having done well.

FRED S. LINCOLN.

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

THE harvest fields are thick with grain,
Swift ripening 'neath the skies of June,
And o'er the scented clover field
The wild bee hums a happy tune.
Along the crumbling garden wall
The crimson roses nod in glee,
And robin song and bluebird note
Mingle in sweetest harmony.

MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

RICH, surpassing rich, is he whose is the ideal world,—
all of beauty and of good, all of present and of past is his.

W. C. LARRIBEE.

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

SEEK the good and you will develop it; seek the bad
and you will arouse it.—Hunt for the latent spark of
goodness dwelling in every life.

AGNESS MARIA HUFFINGTON.

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

How serene and tranquil he seems! How reposeful, as though he had adjusted himself with all reverence to the supreme requirements of life!

CHARLES SUMNER OLCOTT.

JUNE THIRTIETH

BEAUTY fades with th' fleetin' years, so it's a wise woman that holds on to her good nature.

Experience is a dear teacher, but he delivers the goods.

Ther's no greater point o' interest in any community than a reliable citizen.

F. KIN HUBBARD (ABE MARTIN).

JULY FIRST

FREEDOM is its own eternal law ;
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike, fulfills the unerring will.
Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though Thou slayest we will trust in Thee.
Liberty. JOHN HAY.

JULY SECOND

THE oppressed of the earth to that standard shall fly
Wherever its folds shall be spread ;
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky
Where its stars shall float over his head ;
And those stars shall increase till the fullness of time
Its millions of cycles has run—
Till the world shall have welcomed its mission sublime
And the nations of earth shall be one.
GEORGE W. CUTTER.

JULY THIRD

I SAW the Future's sky agleam
Where Stripes and Stars together stream;
All-sympathied the nations stood,
One in the soul of brotherhood.

MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

JULY FOURTH

WE COULD see the Stars and Stripes floating over the parole camp. It was too far away to see even the stripes, but we knew it was "the old flag," and as it floated out I felt that I loved it as I never had before. Perhaps every American would appreciate it more if he were obliged to live for a while out from under its protection.

The Sultana Disaster. JOSEPH TAYLOR ELLIOTT.

JULY FIFTH

INALIENABLE Rights, Rights which can not be sold nor given away and which stick to a man in spite of himself by virtue of his inheritance from God. . . . Such is the ground-plan of the Declaration, and it is that which chiefly entitles it to honor. The idea of the rights of man is God-like; man as a constituent element of government.

J. A. WILSTACH.

JULY SIXTH

BY THIS do we distinguish man from all other existences within the range of our observation. By this—by his capability of improvement; by his tendency to improve, whenever scope is allowed for the development of his faculties.

FRANCES WRIGHT.

*Address in New Harmony Hall,
July Fourth, 1828.*

JULY SEVENTH

I WAS raised in Indiany—an' I'm wishin' I was back
Where the shiften' shinen' Wabash cuts its twisten'
 trailin' track,
Plowin' through the rus'lin' cornfields, loafin' under
 hangin' boughs,
Where they's pools to hide the fishes, an' they's shade to
 cool the cows.
Where the oak an' maple colors make the woods a kind o'
 hint
O' the land you're lookin' fer at last, an' seem to ketch a
 glint
O' the glory streamin' down'ards through a break in
 heaven's wall,
An' in the whisperin' silences, ye hear the angels call.

EZRA B. NEWCOMB.

JULY EIGHTH

BLEST Indiana! In thy soil
Are found the sure rewards of toil,
Where honest poverty and worth
May make a paradise on earth.

JOHN FINLEY.

JULY NINTH

I WOULD create in the minds and hearts of the boys and girls of Indiana a genuine love and pride for our state; a desire to know more about her and a determination to be worthy to be called her citizens.

I would teach them to love and respect the memory of the men and women who, by toil and through hardship, made Indiana what she is today.

JULIA S. CONKLIN.

JULY TENTH

THE law-abiding citizen has inherited the virtues of past generations and will bequeath them to the future.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great,
And, from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

MARY HANNAH KROUT.

JULY ELEVENTH

TO THE everlasting credit of the pioneers be it written they determined that their children's lives should be better than their own in so far as educational opportunities were concerned.

D. D. BANTA.

JULY TWELFTH

THEN let the Past

Live in the soul, the soul not in the Past!

And from the Past and Present fashion well

The Future.

SAMUEL V. MORRIS.

JULY THIRTEENTH

OUR forefathers dwelling under this sky of the West were a chosen people who, without the visible guidance of the cloud or pillar, made a Christian solution of the problem that for ages had embroiled their ancestors in bloodiest warfare. . . . Every one worshipped God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

There never has been a people who wrought into the spirit of their public enactments the virtues of their private character more completely than the early settlers of Indiana. We have grown up in the shadow of their achievements; these need not be forgotten in the splendor of our own.

DAVID TURPIE.

JULY FOURTEENTH

THEY were reformers without being visionary, for they were active men of affairs. The frank manner, erect figure, sterling integrity betokened the high-bred gentleman and decisive man of action.

JULIA HENDERSON LEVERING.

JULY FIFTEENTH

A HIGH responsibility is developed upon, and rare opportunities are enjoyed by the men who lay the foundations of society, whether civilly, socially or ecclesiastically. Society, like the individual, has its educational period, during which it is afterward distinguished and known. History teaches us that social and intellectual peculiarities are almost as transmissible as physical traits. John Knox yet lives in the Psalm-singing and rugged Calvinistic theology of Scotland.

F. C. HOLLIDAY.

JULY SIXTEENTH

INDIANA has made history, but it figures that the present and the future are more worthy of attention than a dim and receding past.

Just as the Hoosier emerges from the cradle, he is handed a set of convictions and learns that he must defend them, verbally and otherwise.

GEORGE ADE.

JULY SEVENTEENTH

I REMEMBER my first school days and my first little crony. The picture of the first school-house, a white-washed brick building, in old Lawrenceburg, is hanging in memory's gallery, and when the dust is brushed away how clear it seems to be.

I see the school teacher again, this teacher of the olden time. He was a kindly faced man with red in his cheeks, and his snowy white hair flowing over his coat collar. He looked over his glasses much oftener than he did through them, and I have since thought his kindly eyes saw much less than he pretended.

This quaint old school-house had a history. It had been a mission church. Here it was that Henry Ward Beecher began his ministry. Yes, this was his first church. His congregation, at the beginning, numbered nineteen women and one man,—and that is in the traditions of Lawrenceburg.

CHARLES DENNIS.

JULY EIGHTEENTH

HE IS the best patriot who contributes most to the cause of righteousness in the nation's affairs.

PAUL LELAND HAWORTH.

JULY NINETEENTH

FRIENDSHIP was bound to be a product of the old life, for it, like good timber, requires storm and sunshine. Friendship must be founded on principle and nourished by sympathy, congeniality and kindness.

Sentiment is a tender plant, and, practical as life was seventy-five years ago, did much to brighten it.

MARY MERRILL GRAYDON.

JULY TWENTIETH

THE public can not be expected to believe what an organization says about its own character or affairs. It is to be rightly understood only through its acts.

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

O! TEMPT me not to wander far and wide
In quest of the sublime ;
In but a moment's time
With Milton at my side,
In some sweet shady nook I hide,
And lo! the mountains mass from every clime!
By birthright due to all my powers
The things I love are mine.

'Tis thus by love of things divine
The universe is truly mine!
I own the robin everywhere.

IRA BELLMAN.

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

PRECEPT is good, but the living example is better. Industry and intelligence are admirable. Patience is saint-like. Steadfastness, fortitude, faith are sublime. We may acknowledge all this, yet go into the world and fail in courage, patience, fortitude, faith,—every virtue.

But it is scarcely possible that an acquaintance with the greatly good, an intimate knowledge of their unpretending heroism, a sympathy with their sorrows and their lofty joys, will not refine and elevate our lives.

CATHERINE MERRILL.

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

THERE were some men of piety and zeal, who successively entering the field of missionary labors endeavored to establish among these Indians the foundations of civilization and the doctrines of Christianity. Such men were in the West the pioneers between barbarism and civilization.

JOHN DILLON.

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

LOVING all things as he (Johnny Appleseed) did, it was easy for him to see, in every flower and bird, creeping worm and aspiring tree, the Indwelling Spirit.

ELEANOR ATKINSON.

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

A PLEADING prayer of love he sings,
He sings of woods, blue skies and hills ;
Sweet singer of the woodland bowers,
God make thy joy of living ours.

MAMIE L. BASS.

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

THE complete history of a nation is not found within printed books, nor can it be compressed in the mere recital. Its spirit is embodied in the united energy of a whole population.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON.

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

TIME gives to things the mellow coloring and gentle outline of a distant landscape. What was painful is either forgotten, or become pleasant in the remembrance. . . . When the haven is in view, the weather-beaten mariner delights to recount the toils he has endured and the dangers he has escaped.

ANDREW WYLIE.

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

CHILDREN should be brought up to be independent in their line of life, to practice unto knowledge all the things which may be proper as well as necessary to their enjoyment of the gifts of man and God, and in this to consider work honorable in all persons in all grades of society.

Knowing how themselves, they may teach others what they are not compelled to do with their own hands. All women should know how to "keep house."

JOSEPH TARKINGTON.

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

THE clouds that crossed his soul serene,
The crosses in him pent,
Were not by others felt or seen ;
The kindly eye and quiet mien
To others gladness lent.

Of Charles Lamb.

A. E. SINKS.

JULY THIRTIETH

AND just so freely as we give
In different ways, what we possess,
Then with the bird each day we live,
Ourselves with sweetest songs will bless.

EMMA B. KING.

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

WHILE we care for counting house and bank, for factory and mine, for store and farm, for the construction of houses of trade, and the building of railroads that bind a continent and unify a people, we yet care infinitely more for the building of manhood and womanhood which will make that continent the throne of the world's righteousness and make that people thus united worthy to sit upon that throne.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

AUGUST FIRST

TO ME, as to every one doubtless, there are days and days, when earth is tillable soil and the heavens but a weather indicator; then the veil is lifted as if the divine hand softly touched the sealed eyes, giving new vision.

Form, color, sound, the numberless external influences, flow in upon the senses, and lo! how the transformed spirit finds there its highest affinities; 'tis as if one's being coalesced with the Universal Soul and was translated to another sphere where, ringed by a wider horizon, and bathed in a purer light, it saw the substance of things.

GEORGE COTTMAN.

AUGUST SECOND

COME nearer, wild warbler and have not a fear,
And sing me the songs of the forest and dell;
For oft have I listened thy music to hear,
Which casts o'er my heart a strange, mystical
spell.

HUBBARD M. SMITH.

AUGUST THIRD

You can win and you must feel it! You can do anything if you will only will it hard enough.

WILLIAM WINTER.

AUGUST FOURTH

THE radicalism which we reject today may be the conservatism at which we will wonder tomorrow.

No effort has been made to portray a perfect character, but only that of a woman who dared take the blows and bear the scorn that other women might be free.

Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony.

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

AUGUST FIFTH

THE busy world is full of people who are making sacrifices for duty as great as yours and mine.

E. W. HOWE.

AUGUST SIXTH

LIFE is a garden in which one may grow flowers or weeds as one wills. Cheerfulness will bring the sunny marigolds, daisies and buttercups; courage, the brilliant red geraniums and cannas; patience, the modest violets; love, the roses sweet; beautiful thoughts, the pansies that brighten the paths. And, as the years go by, a fragrance will brood over the garden like twilight over a summer evening—the fragrant memory of days well lived.

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON.

AUGUST SEVENTH

THE quality of mixing well, so much prized by politicians is after all a desirable and honorable accomplishment. True, it is largely an inborn quality, but one which it is possible to develop and even acquire in a degree. It is not mere acquaintanceship; it is something more, it is the winning of confidence and respect, if it is to be a factor in success. To be in right relations to one's fellow-men is the result of frankness, generosity, dignity and true nobility of manner and character such as mark the gentleman.

W. E. STONE.

AUGUST EIGHTH

THROUGH meadows green, on sunny shore,
And by the waters still,
Thou, Heavenly Father, leadest us,
And teachest us Thy will.
When storms of dark despair arise
And heavy troubles lower,
Thou art the friend to whom we turn
In our most bitter hour.

CORA YOUNG WILES.

AUGUST NINTH

IF YOU can not afford to buy an artist's sky in a gold frame, remember that the wide dome of the real sky is yours for nothing. From sunrise to sunset, with all its change of color; after the shadows fall, with its wonderful wealth of star light; it is ever about you and above you, ready at your least glance to be a source of enjoyment and inspiration to you.

LUCILLE ELEANOR MOREHOUSE.

AUGUST TENTH

LOOKING at what we hope to be, we have a common high regard for ourselves. To perfect this high regard of each soul for itself, tend all these fine and hidden experiences. They are to all alike and make perfect the weakest soul's reliance on itself. JOHN A. FINCH.

AUGUST ELEVENTH

THE sweetest songs, some say
Have all been sung;
Yet when among
The woods I find my way
And listen to the wild bird's roundelay,
The sweetest songs, I say,
Are those we hear to-day,
In Nature's key pitched sweet and clear
For him whose soul's attuned to hear.

EVA MARBLE BONDY.

AUGUST TWELFTH

WHERE is the end?

'Tis nowhere, no!

Lay hold anew.

.
But you must blend

Forever more

With the Master's plan.

FRITZ KRULL.

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

I HOLD

This truth as gold ;

The grandest life is lowliest ; he who sings

To fill the highest purpose, need not soar

Above the lintel of the peasant's door,

And must not hunger for the praise of kings,

Or quench his thirst at too ethereal springs!

As for me,

My life is liberty,

And close to Earth's bloom-scented fragrant floor

I gather more and more

The larger elements,

The fine suggestion of Time's last events.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

It WAS an old house, built of rough-hewn logs, but a few flowers grew by the door-side and over the entry a green vine had been carefully trained, and I knew before I saw her that Grandma Mortensen must have those attributes of kindness without which no woman can be lovable.

BENJAMIN WALLACE DOUGLASS.

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

THE summers haste more heedless now
Than summers did of old ;
But every grace of bud and bough
My eager heart can hold.

There richly too, I'll gather all
These lavish golden hours ;
And then, when wintry snowflakes fall,
I'll dream of elder-flowers.

EVALEEN STEIN.

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

IT is the misfortune or the fortune of the great and good to understand the burdens and the sorrows of a people and to bear those burdens and sorrows in their own hearts. Is it not indeed by virtue of this sympathetic understanding and this burden-bearing that posterity gives them the title of greatness and goodness?

SOLOMON GINGERICH.

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

LET a desire possess my soul and let me feel the righteousness of my cause, no discouragements can thwart me, or turn me from my purpose.

HELEN M. J. GOUGAR.

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

WHAT will you put into your kaleidoscope, the kaleidoscope of your life, of your everlasting life into which the Artist of the Universe may look and find the design of a perfect human soul?

JOHN STEVENTON.

AUGUST NINETEENTH

THERE is a single word, constant loyalty to which would keep one's mind always open. It is The Infinite ; the very word infinite denies finality. Asserting the impossibility of finality, it commands investigation, promises discovery, suggests progress.

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

AUGUST TWENTIETH

O INSPIRATION, breath of holy fire
That fans my dormant will, until aflame
With godly transports of high-born desire,
I seek all things to conquer in thy name!
Let me but launch into thy great unknown
Where pure ideals and dreams divine hold sway;
There let me consecrate to thee alone,
The sunrise of an endless working day.
And for my most high effort, give to me
O, Inspiration, thou transcendant Friend,
A hand from every selfish trammel free,
And meet for royal service to the end.

BLANCHE BLOOR SCHLEPPY.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

THE day was long,
The night is on,
From bush and tree
Sings merrily,
"You did! You did!"
The katydid!

OTTO STECHHAN.

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

THE purposes actually controlling a man's conduct are often obscure to himself, and, save by means of self-revelation, not often ascertainable by others.

CHRISTOPHER BUSH COLEMAN.

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

THIS spirit with its boundaries wide
Is not my own to hold in fee;
Through all my days therein I bide
As one of God's great tenantry.
'Tis not as unsown fallow land
To lie, the playground of wild weeds,
But lent me from the Sovereign's hand
To grow the fruitage of fair deeds.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

ALL my life I have been an admirer of dogs, so much so that I never meet one in the street, if he be at all presentable, without an inclination to stop and exchange the compliments of the day.—

The dog is unlike the human in this, that there is no dross of selfishness in his friendships.

GEORGE C. HARDING.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

FRIENDSHIP is naught if not of service in time of need.

GEORGE W. LOUTTIT.

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

BY THE joy and tenderness in her eyes,—I knew that her pure soul looked into a holy-of-holies whither world-blinded eyes could not penetrate; that her spirit dwelt in the light of the love of God.

LUCY FURMAN.

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

HOWEVER rude his lot, however lowly,
He makes it Paradise, and evermore
Basks in the sunlight, pure, serene and holy,
Lark-like, his highest joy to sing and soar.

ELIJAH EVAN EDWARDS.

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

I SOMETIMES think that if we would realize our own influence for good or evil over those about us, we should be startled at the results of our words and actions.

Love for God places upon the human brow the stamp of true nobility.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

WHEN a fellow is really willing to do his best, it is often surprising how much that little best may turn out to be.

IRVING WILLIAMS.

AUGUST THIRTIETH

THE reasons in favor of general reading and polite literature are so multifarious that it would be difficult to enumerate them.

That such pursuits develop the kindlier feelings and are conducive to an agreeable life, will not be denied. They soften and polish our nature by reason and discipline; they give us true freedom of soul and real self-sufficiency.

HARVEY H. DAUGHERTY.

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

MAN, reasoning, gifted, enjoying, immortal! He holds and directs the lightning, weighs the planets, measures the stars, aspires after the infinite, walks with God.

CHARLES WHITE.

SEPTEMBER FIRST

IT is the solid qualities of men and of nations that win in the long run. The chivalry of false pride, the arrogance and vanity of a favored class, whose elevation is only seen by the depression of others, may by spasmodic efforts dazzle the eyes of the world, but can not long maintain successful contest with truth, justice, and the strength of free institutions. OLIVER PERRY MORTON.

SEPTEMBER SECOND

THERE is an exquisite picture of an old lady,—large dark eyes of serenest depths, a holy calm about the lips.—It is the most charming picture of old age I ever beheld. It is the ideal type of a well-spent life crowned with scriptural peace and pleasantness. LAURA REAM.

SEPTEMBER THIRD

LORD, make me worthy of the little things ;
The thin new moon ; the little bird that sings ;
The whimsy dream with every-ready wings—
God, make me worthy of the little things.
Oh, let me feel the glory of the small ;
The hidden path ; the little breeze's call ;
The lovely hours that have no spur at all—
Oh, let me feel the glory of the small !
God, make me worthy of the little things ;
The little silences that loving brings ;
The daily task ; the little hand that clings—
God, make me worthy of the little things !

FRANCES CAROLINE WILLEY.

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

LABOR DAY

I HEARD resound through all the land
One mighty voice of song and grateful praise,
And earth held up her thankful hands to heaven
And blessed her maker for the gift of Toil.

LEE O. HARRIS.

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

FROM out the withered lilies of the field
I see next summer's snowy blossoms rise,
September's fading glories live again
In resurrection flowers of Paradise.

ORLANDO R. BELLAMY.

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

IT WAS well for him that he could turn to the religion of which he had been so faithful a servant and find consolation in the trust that there was a heaven where meritorious deeds such as his find reward since they were so poorly appreciated and requited on earth.

Of Father Gibault, in The Conquest of the Northwest.

WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

I FALL into a musin' spell sometimes, of other days
When things was mostly different, leastwise in many
ways;
An' I have a lon'som' feelin', and a longin' fer them
times,
That somehow fits exactly with the yellerhammer's
chimes.
There's a kind of grace hangs over them, them days of
other years,
As makes the sighin' fer them next the best to weepin'
tears.
.
I look around to find a sign that I hain't lost my sense,
An' get my bearin's when I hear the flicker on the fence.
SILAS B. McMANUS.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

THE hardest battles fought by mankind are those with,
or against self.
ELLEN M. INGRAHAM (GRACE LINTNER.)

SEPTEMBER NINTH

THE source of character is individual effort and is as true of state as person. Once in our own Indiana the South wind from river to lake sighed thro' dense forests and laughed over unbroken prairies.—The self-denial and continual effort to conquer resisting impediments gave him (the pioneer) strength and capacity and brought a new order out of the old.

ELIZABETH NICHOLSON.

SEPTEMBER TENTH

EDUCATION was sparse, but character great; manners were simple, but so were hearts; culture was young, but hospitality old; they were strong and impulsive and brave—they were people worth while; the frontier mother and father were making the wilderness polite when kings and queens were making throne-rooms base.

FREDERICK LANDIS.

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

HE WHO bears in his character no portion of *enthusiasm* should by no means assume the office of instruction. We mean not by this term the effervescence of an excitable temperament, but the welling overflow of a rich nature, whose fountains are stirred by all that is pure or lovely, or elevated in the whole range of created things.

JULIA DUMONT.

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

"Books!" cried the troll, with contempt in his voice, "I have no books! There would be only other men's thoughts in them. When I have much to decide, I come here alone, and study out my own problems. And if more of the people who live on top of the ground did this, the work of the world would be better done. . . . Ah, you people up above! You are too apt to look only at the surface. Don't you know the under side of things has to be watched and tended or there will be neither bloom nor fruit above?"

JULIA A. BROWN.

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

THE whole of Life is struggle to exist, petty annoyance, grind, toil, slavery, and sordid daily existence to those who are poorly paid for their life's work. This is the Tragedy, and this is one-fourth of the bitter pleasure of living.

Three-fourths holds Love, and when you have that, every life is worth while.

TEST DALTON.

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

THE hill is lit
With gorgeous glory where the sun
Points level to the top of it.
The river breezes rise and sigh,
The mists go up, the dark comes down,
The smoke hangs over yonder town.

OLIVE SANXEY.

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

PATRIOTISM is not altogether instinct. It is largely a cultivated virtue. That is why we teach immigrant children from Russia and Italy and Hungary to sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," as the rudiment of their American schooling.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE.

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

IN knowing Nature's needs,
Through thy great-hearted sympathy,
With God and with Humanity,
Thou hast an Immortality,
To consecrate to noble deeds.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

THE wide humanity, the philosophic as opposed to the scientific mind, the deep thought in the homely expression—these were some of the mental characteristics of this people.

LOGAN ESAREY.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

FROM out the forest depths,
Clear, sweet and strong,
Floats on the evening wind
Shy bird, thy flute-like song.

From bounteous Nature's heart,
Hymnals of praise perpetually arise,
And in them you have part.

HANNAH E. DAVIS.

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

FIRM-LIPPED, clear-eyed, clean-souled, he met his fate,
Leaving behind no rancor and no hate,
And strode high-browed, undaunted, through the gate
At Elberon.

Garfield.

DANIEL L. PAINE.

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

WITH all this soul I pray that Thou forgive
The stagnant hours of the untroubled pool,
That thou forgive the weakness of Thy fool,
And lend him sweeter strength to live
Consistent, tempered like Thy knightlier men ;
To fail not till Thou visit him again.

SAMUEL MCCOY.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

THE glory of the morning-glory, how it entrances me. 'Tis a flower whose beauty is without a peer. On these August morns the bell-shaped blue, pink or white flowers peep out from scores of openings amidst the vines, which clamber over fence and shrub, and nod a welcome as I appear.

They are goddesses of the night and early morn—born in the former, reigning in the latter, and closing forever their evanescent eyes before the fiercer beams of the noon-day sun. God pity him who sees no beauty in a wild morning-glory, fresh from its natal bed.

W. S. BLATCHLEY.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

A SIMPLE, honest mind which followed truth and right as unerringly as gravitation. The big book of life had been open always before him and he had profited by its pages.

ANDY ADAMS.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

IT IS the opinion of many, and one which is gaining ground each day, that the hand and voice of woman would bring about a like degree of order and personal safety and security in municipal affairs as in the well-ordered household.

M. SEARS BROOKS.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

THE stamp of the struggle for existence was plain upon all of them,—and I found myself wondering by what miracle they had kept a delicacy that was quite apparent and a lovely affection for one another.

DELIGHT SWEETZER.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

NO FAIR man can doubt that the influence of the Bible, direct and indirect, on the intellectual life of our time, outweighs by far that of any other book.

DAVID W. DENNIS.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

POLITICS is a part of man's life and in man's life there are principles that are divine, that proceed from the very nature of God and man and that are, therefore, absolute, eternal, unchangeable.

JAMES ALBERT WOODBURN.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

I KNOW people who are so busy tracing their pedigrees back to Alfred the Great that they can't find time to pay their wash bills.

What's the use of knowing that diluted royal blood courses in your veins when the butcher with his little bill is roosting on your doorstep? In my opinion what we need to worry about is posterity.

SIMEON FORD.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

THE autumn's shadows gather round

The quiet homes along the street

And from dull distances resound

The muffled throb of many feet.—

Facing night's fantasies, we list

To hear His step amid the gloom;

And lo! the dusk, the leaves, the mist,

Are as a garden set abloom.

ROSA L. LANGTRY.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

FEEBLE-MINDEDNESS produces more pauperism, degeneracy and crime than any other one force. It touches every form of charitable activity. It is felt in every part of our land. It affects in some way all of our people. Its cost is beyond our comprehension. It is the unappreciated burden of the unfortunate. It is a burden we are compelled to bear ; therefore, let us bear it intelligently, to the end that the chain of evil may be lessened, the weak cared for and the future be brighter with hope because of our effort.

AMOS W. BUTLER.

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

THE philanthropist who can make it possible for the 80 per cent. of young people who desert our public schools to have within their means that sort of amusement that shall be most ennobling will do, perhaps, as admirable a deed as he who distributes libraries.

CHARLETON ANDREWS.

OCTOBER FIRST

To KEEP faith simply and joyously is to reach and hold
the essential best of life.

JULIA FLETCHER (GEORGE FLEMING).

OCTOBER SECOND

A THOUGHTFUL youth with ear to music tuned,
Was wont to draw rare chords from Nature's harp.
Anon the flow to saddest requiem turned ;
Delightful love ; discordant hate ;
"Surely," he cried, "this is the compass full
Of all this grand and glorious harp of mine !"
A messenger from heaven touched the strings
With lightest hand and lo ! a glorious strain
Of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," burst forth.

JAMES WILLIAM BIRCHFIELD.

OCTOBER THIRD

How few are our real wants and how easily the extravagances of life can be dispensed with.

E. FENWICK COLERICK.

OCTOBER FOURTH

OPPORTUNITY is obligation. A gift is a call. Power bears with it a mandate to use. The parable of the talents is God's truth for all men. What a man can do, that he must do, on the peril of his soul's death. And the duty placed on no man is greater than he can fulfill.

CHARLES RICHARD WILLIAMS.

OCTOBER FIFTH

WHEN the Lord of Life with loving gaze
Explores the deep recesses of the soul,
If faith through which the unseen is beheld,
Hath wrought by love and purified the heart,—
Then all the lineaments of the form Divine
Are seen reflected from the pearly depths.

SAMUEL B. GOOKINS.

OCTOBER SIXTH

THE soul of song was in her voice—a tender tremulo ;
Pausing to hear, the south-bound birds on fluttering wings
 hung low ;
The songster-wren with swelling throat, and eyes to
 heaven turned,
The passion of all seasons from October's voice has
 learned.

M. C. HUTCHINGS.

OCTOBER SEVENTH

RILEY'S BIRTHDAY

HE, (RILEY), has caused us to look on nature with the fervor of his own love for it ; he has made us see the value of sweet memories of childhood days and changed the lives of children through his love for them.

But our greatest debt to him is for his power to make us understand the meaning of the true life and spirit of the plain Hoosier folk, because he understands them so well, and sees the beauty and tenderness of their life.

CHARITY DYE.

OCTOBER EIGHTH

Love's faithful process can convert the smallest actions into grand results.

ESTELLE PEGAN.

OCTOBER NINTH

WHY does Nature ever repeat herself? Why are we never weary of the stories that the stars have to tell? Why do the trees renew their verdure every spring, bringing fresh delight to our hearts, and why do they fade away every autumn with still more brilliant hues? . . . Or, to sum it all up, why did God make the world so beautiful?

SARAH H. KILLIKELLY.

OCTOBER TENTH

OUTWARD smoothness and self-control in the presence of others could not, in her judgment, compensate for internal jarrings.

DANIEL SOMMER.

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

PLAY on for aye!
With a blast loud and gay,
Or a melody pleasant,
Enfolding the present
In ringing delight
And putting to flight
All visions of sorrows from seeming tomorrows,
Thou wizard wild way of the trombone, pray
Be forever a part of the musical art
Of the ever enduring to-day.

TUCKER WOODSON TAYLOR.

OCTOBER TWELFTH

DISCOVERY DAY

COLUMBUS was a mystic. A great vision came to him
and became the controlling influence of his life.

The value of his life is measured by the vision that he
saw as well as by the discovery that he made.

CHARLES W. MOORES.

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

THE right of self-defense, the preservation of the peace and safety of the nation, is recognized as an elementary part of international law.

JOHN W. FOSTER.

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

THE good we do, the kindly words we've said
To those who heard and calmly went their ways
Unheeding, will return to us like "bread
Cast on the waters," after many days.

M. SWAFFORD (BELLE BREMER).

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

THE heart of a father! The love of a father for his son or daughter. . . . It rarely asks too much and seeks only to give, wisely and plentifully.

THEODORE DREISER.

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

RELIGION has lost much of its sombreness, its harshness has been smoothed down, its more pleasing features are accentuated, and it makes its most powerful plea for the Christian life through love and aspiration for the good, and not by words of fear or hope of reward.

JOHN H. HOLLIDAY.

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

IS THERE a nobler aim for man than the alleviation of suffering? The physician who relieves the pain of the physical system alleviates also the suffering of the human mind, for each so acts upon the other that man can not separate them; and he who plants a tree whose umbrageous branches shall be a welcome shelter from the noon-day heat, or in whose veins a healing balm shall be found, has not lived in vain, but merits the blessing of God and the gratitude of man.

GEORGE W. SLOAN.

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

GLORIOUS, golden Autumn
Flashed far o'er hill and dale,
Like a radiant Princess crowned
E'er she kneels to take the vail.
And friendly winds, like redbreasts,
Sprinkled the dying sod
With brown and crimson leaves,
And flowers of golden-rod.

SARAH E. WALLACE.

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

Who has ever appointed any man as the keeper, the
custodian, the dispenser of God's illimitable truth?

GRACE TALBOT HADLEY.

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

THERE is no royal road to a real acquaintance with living animals. Entertaining and truthful story-books about quadrupeds and birds are excellent in their way, but they do not go down to bed-rock and lay foundations on which the pupil can build for aye. It has been decreed by Nature that he who will not work shall not know her.

There is no process by which the secrets of Nature can be placed automatically in a giddy mind.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

TO DELIGHT and inform intelligent human beings is the province and glory of art. As, by it comes man's solace, so, also, by it his joy. It teaches him the nature of reality, and it inspires him with faith in possibility.

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

CERTAINLY there is such a thing as justice law, however little we poor blinded creatures know it! Why, justice, law, natural right, is written on the very face of man!

FRANCIS CRUMP LUCAS (HORACE MANN).

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

THE panoramic visions of a dream—

Such as do dimly speak of heights untrod,
Save by the faith (to which our being clings)

That in His image we survive the sod;
The deathless hope for the immortality in God.

FRANK W. HARNED.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

STRIVE as I may, I can not convey to the idle and privileged the full revolutionary portent of this new movement; and strive as I may, I can not adequately convey to the weary and heavy laden the grandeur of its thought and the noble promise of its message.

Socialists at Work.

ROBERT HUNTER.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

TO THE Quaker, holiness was his daily walk. It was his daily speech, his dress and address, his worship, his every mein and performance. The impulses of his soul were the dynamics of his deeds.

HARLOW LINDLEY.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

THIS is Dame Nature's choicest time of year,
The sky could blend its colors ne'er so clear
As now, when Phoebus lowers in the West;
How perfect is the Indian Summer night!

WILLIAM J. H. CHITWOOD.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

THE way of the world is to hold to the useful things, and the useful things are apt to be the true things. . . . Beneficent changes do take place, doubtless, and we are all witnesses to the fact that violent sectarianism is disappearing—that barren dogmas are held somewhat loosely now, which were once enforced with rigor and vigor; but these changes have come about gradually and have worked no harm. And the changes are permanent because they have come that way.

WILLIAM P. FISHBACK.

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

WE CAME to know that each good deed
Will shine like snow on midnight hills forlorn ;
The shadows past, our patient eyes may read
Love's deathless message on some smiling morn.

ALONZO RICE.

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

BEHOLD how Time, with stealthy, noiseless pace,
Hath spanned another cycle-measured year,
And of all seasons the most beautiful
Returns the Indian Summer.

And thus the year is calmly beautiful
When near its close. The stealthy Frost King then
Touches the foliage of tender green
And gives a beauty hitherto unknown.
To leafy vesture.

EMILY THORNTON CHARLES.

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

OH, PEACE benign! What gladness in the earth and
skies; the birds and flowers! Or is the gladness but the
echo of mine own?

PAUL WILSTACH.

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

THERE were fewer books then and they were of the
best, and constant familiarity with them gave a stateliness
of speech and a certain dignity that comes of keeping
good company. They dined with Horace and supped with
Plutarch, and were scholars without knowing it.

LEW WALLACE.

NOVEMBER FIRST

VOCAL with praise are these halcyon days
When the leaves come sailing down.

WILLIAM T. DENNIS.

NOVEMBER SECOND

AWAKE, awake! There is joy to-day;
Though the summer is gone, the harvest past,
Though the forests shake in the wintry blast,
And the earth lies wrapped in a cloak of gray;
Yet the troubled soul may repose in peace,
For seed-time and harvest will never cease;
The promise is true—there is joy alway.

LOUIS A. WICKERSHAM.

NOVEMBER THIRD

THE air is loud with voices ; fast they flow
Into the ear, each with a varied sound
When singly caught ; yet like a clarion tone,
When heard an orchestra of many notes.
Eternal voices !—Ye are conquered by a sigh
Dropped from the realms compassionate,
 where dwells
That gentle voice which soothes the throb-
 bing world.

MAY BELLE CHITWOOD.

NOVEMBER FOURTH

THE influence one group exerts upon another or one individual upon his fellows is a vague thing. It is not easy to define or to determine. The form it takes is neither visible nor immediate. It is one of those things for which one must wait and, in waiting, be sometimes misunderstood.

EDITH BROWN KIRKWOOD.

NOVEMBER FIFTH

THE men who can be depended upon are those who are inspired by a sense of duty rather than by a desire for glory. . . . The truth is something through which we grow in character, and not all in wealth. . . . Character is not a suddenly manufactured thing. On the contrary, it is a growth, the product of a careful culture.

LOUIS HOWLAND.

NOVEMBER SIXTH

A MAN may gather wisdom, growing old,
And pleasure, as he sees each well-wrought task
Approach completion.

HUGH McCULLOCH, JR.

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

THE secret of politeness is love. . . . No truer gentleman lived in all Europe than the ploughman-poet. It was because Robert Burns loved everything, the mouse, the daisy and all things great and small that God had made. This simple passport enabled the bard of Ayr to mingle with any society, enter into any court or palace even though he remained in his obscure cot hard by the brimming river. He who is ruled by love can not do an ungentle thing. The inconsiderate soul can not do anything else.

VIRGINIA SHARPE PATTERSON.

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

LIFE has brought me this experience, and I must and shall shape it to my own ends; it shall be made to serve for character and for strength.

I have, after terrible difficulties and struggles, been able to comprehend some of the lessons hidden in the heart of pain. Suffering is a revelation; one discerns things one never discerned before.

MARJORIE BENTON COOKE.

NOVEMBER NINTH

THERE'S only one argument against a north wind and
that's to put on an overcoat. MAXWELL PARRY.

NOVEMBER TENTH

For love is all!
And when his gleaming tide shall overwhelm
And draw you into his enchanted realm,
On you shall fall
The keen prophetic vision, and a sign
That men shall know, and call your gift divine!
RICHARD LEW DAWSON.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

IN DE peaceful, witchin' houahs 'twixt midnight an' de
dawn,
Free from worldly strife an' worry yo's a-restin' till de
mawn,
Fow' dem am de witchin' houahs edgin' on anothah lan',
When de voices frum de da'kness mek a chorus deep an'
gran'.

DAVID ABBOTT PIATT.

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

WE LOOK about with eager eyes
Upon the distant paths and fields,
Searching for happiness, and do not see
That which the nearest object yields.

HOPE BEDFORD.

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

THERE is no true Growth but in loved work, no true happiness but in true Growth.

GEORGE BICKNELL.

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

SOMEWHERE on distant purple seas

A golden isle is gleaming

Where anchor all the argosies

We send out in our dreaming.

The castles we have built in air

Rise there on firm foundations,

Filled with all forms of beauty rare,

That were our thought-creations.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

'Twas love, in the first morning beam,
That sang with the stars in the blue,
And faith's the foreshadowing dream
Of love everlastingly true.

L. MAY WHEELER.

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

ALL ages dead and splendid,
All masters that are past,
All hero-figures vast,
As with a bugle blast
Cry out to us, "Stand fast!"
All's well when all is ended!"

GRACE SHOUP.

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

As we advance it is only natural to grow more conservative. At thirty we regard the things we did at twenty as foolhardy. At forty we would not dream of the plunges we take at thirty.

ROBERT GEORGE PATERSON.

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

THE lessons learned
Grow deeper as each page is turned
In Life's great book,
Each mastered task a stepping-stone.

ADELIA POPE BRANHAM.

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

THE battling with our faults and worries is just as much our work as the successful doing of some great deed.

FANNIE BELLE IRVING.

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

THE song that was caught by the bird in the tree—
That was sung by the stars at creation's dawn
Still rings through the world— . . .
The song of love can never die!

EAN BOYD HEINEY.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

How we Americans are plagued by the obsession that everything, even good government, can be secured by legislation.

EVANS WOOLLEN.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

ONCE understand that We, ourselves, are the makers of our own troubles and joys—and the problems of the day, and of the hour, and of the minute are easily solved.

JAMES PAXTON VORHEES.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

THE preaching of these devout men—and devout men they were in the truest sense—was a great moral and educational force. Even when it influenced men's minds through fear, it prompted them to good conduct.

WILLIAM WARREN SWEET.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

FORGETFUL and thankless indeed would we be did we not keep the sacred fires of memory burning upon the altar of our appreciation.

WILLIAM M. COCKRUM.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

THE dark pines whisper tenderly,
They nod—they wave their hands to me!
The night calls to me and the rain;
The snowflakes 'gainst my window pane
Are white-winged carrier-birds that bear
Me greetings from the upper air.
The wind walks with me, . . .
And sometimes in my lonely room
The sunlight falls athwart the gloom—
I smile, because all silently
A friend looks in and smiles at me.

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

PEACE, peace, be still, be still,
Let naught affright thee, O my soul,
Heed not the clouds that dark'ning roll,
But, leaving all to His control,
His blessed will
With joy fulfill;
O heart of mine, be still, be still!

M. GENEVIEVE TODD.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

IT is determination that makes three-fourths of happiness—not circumstance.

ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

LET us not ignore the point of the Master's illustration—the fine sympathy with the victim of the robbers, the unselfish love that saw the brother and the fellow-man in one of a different creed and caste, the practical service of self and of means, in the care of one in distress. . . .

To lose human sympathy, which is the very essence of charity, would be to quench the vital spark of a heavenly flame. Suffering, dependency, and the whole range of the problems of poverty and crime, because of the waste they entail, are indeed economic questions, but they are much more than that.

FRANCIS H. GAVISK.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

IN NOVEMBER the harvest is over and gone, we say, but harvest is the forerunner of Thanksgiving. Then let us count our blessings. In so doing we shall find the good of life, like the fruits of harvest, rich and abundant.

Though leaves are falling, and flowers are faded, let us not say, "The melancholy days are come." Jack Frost is an artist; winter snows nourish the seeds of the spring time. All seasons are full of beauty and blessing.

LOIS GROSVENOR HUFFORD.

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

IN MEN whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Where God has not.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

DECEMBER FIRST

PEOPLE who go about, looking for good things for themselves never find them, either in the "Great Walled Country," or anywhere else. Inge was looking for gifts for his sister, and had no trouble in finding them; your eyes were all shut because you wanted the best things for yourselves.

ISABELLA ALDEN (PANSY).

DECEMBER SECOND

You can't love without being generous.

God doesn't measure us that way. It is what we are that counts; not what we were born.

HAROLD MORTON KRAMER.

DECEMBER THIRD

THE new day meets us, face to face,
Laden with gifts of grace ;
The wealthy hours, with unknown blessings fraught,
Fair space for earnest toil and fruitful thought,
For kindly word and generous deed,
For binding up the hearts that bleed,
For conquering self and sin,
For waxing strong within.

SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUP.

DECEMBER FOURTH

I NEED not tell you to be brave in the presence of danger. Do you understand that sometimes it takes greater courage to stand up for the right?

CHARLES PIERCE BURTON.

DECEMBER FIFTH

'Tis when the old are dead we comprehend
Their generation links our own to God,
And, with a half unconscious trend,
We follow in the broadest path they trod.

ROSALIE ISABEL STEWART.

DECEMBER SIXTH

It is a cold winter night; the wind howls as if it were afraid of the church bell, which sounds so clear through the rain. Even about the warm houses there is a chill; now and then a door bangs, a shutter slams, plaster falls in the walls, or the limb of a tree scrapes the side of the house. Train whistles and bells are shrill. Sinister shadows play upon the warm windows; the world has shrunk to the size of my room. My body is captive, but my spirit? It is a thousand leagues away, under a blue sky, with birds singing and flowers! I would not have known of the rain had I not come in for a minute to rest from the tropical sun.

LILLIAN P. WILSON.

DECEMBER SEVENTH

YOUTH's happy vision, once my own,
Goes with me, and the mastery
Of new resolve is borne to me
From out the land of used-to-be.

PAUL WILEY WEER.

DECEMBER EIGHTH

WE CAN NOT leave the expression of our lives to those better qualified than we are, however dear they may be.

There is strength in doing the right thing. If there were no God, if Christ had never died on the cross, I should have to do the right thing because it is right.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

DECEMBER NINTH

THERE is more power in one good deed than in all the words in our vocabulary. He who suffers needs not words, but deeds.

When we shall be so attuned to life that for us there is no joy so long as another suffers, then shall we have truly lived.

His life is a part of the universal good who has learned the meaning of love, laughter and work.

LAUREL CONWELL THAYER.

DECEMBER TENTH

'TWAS thine (Whittier) to teach the Higher law,

The Higher law, that stands above
The tallest growth of selfish greed;
That holds creation in its creed—
God's Higher law of boundless love.

HENRY W. TAYLOR.

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

It is not worth while to hate, when so few years are
given us in which to love.

JOHN WORRELL.

DECEMBER TWELFTH

ENTHUSIASM of the right kind is not the bubbling-over
froth which escapes from sentimentalism, but that deep
stream of interest underlying effort in any direction,
which moves us steadily forward toward the expression
of our ideals and the uplift of humanity.

MINNIE OLCOTT WILLIAMS.

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

THE Real and the Ideal,
The distance that's between them,
Is the measure of the line
That we draw from earth to Heaven
From human to divine.

SUSAN E. H. PERKINS.

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

How best to honor the complex nature of the child and, while shaping the understanding mind, to bring up youth with sound bodies and a love for truth, is still in the stage of personal opinion.

RICHARD B. BOONE.

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

SORROW's racking hand upon us
Hath our earthly hopes unstrung,
And we humbly turn petitioning
That the song we left unsung
May in Heaven sweet ascending
From the life of Mary's son,
Reach the throne and gain us pity,
For the things we left undone.

GAVIN PAYNE.

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

—How careful one must be of what enters into the ear of childhood ;—how easily the little emotions are stirred, and how hard it is to calm them ;—filial love is, and perhaps, should be stronger than all belief.

JAMES ALEXANDER WICKERSHAM.

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

I HEAR the children singing at their play,
With lisping word and broken measure where
The fitful childish mem'ry slips. And there
Is music in it all. No other way
Were half so sweet, for underneath the lay
Of vague suggestion runs the perfect air
They mean to sing. So our poor songs—
And He, our Father, understands,

.

Hearing, the while, the melody between.

OLLAH PERKINS TOPH.

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

THE baby wove a tiny thread of golden love
That bound our hearts to her more firm
Than bands of steel;
And now appeared a marvel grand—
In giving love, we found our store
Not less, but more!

HENRY W. TUTEWILER.

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

I READ a book to which old books are new
And new books old. A living book is mine—

In it to myriad truth I find the clue—
A tender little child,—but I divine
Thoughts high as Dante's in her clear blue eyes.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

CHILDREN, for whom the glad days lightly run,
Through changing weathers—halting never yet,
Nor ever lagging with some vain regret,—
You scarcely know the shadow from the sun!
And yet the years have left a dower
Of richer faith to us than you can know,
A joy of wider purposes; and so
We would but turn aside for one brief hour
And, stealing back the past's dim vistas through,
We would return a while and bide with you.

BESSIE HENDRICKS.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Go FORTH, the world is very fair,
Through the dim distance as ye gaze,
And mark, in long perspective there,
The scenes of coming days.

Orbs of bright radiance gem the sky,
And fields of glorious beauty lie
Beneath their orient rays;
Yet, e'er their altered light grow dim,
Seek ye, the Star of Bethlehem.

LAURA M. THURSTON.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

CHRISTMAS Eve, set up Everybody's Christmas Tree in the public square and make it glorious as a giant Christmas Candle,—a thing all lights and jewels. Make it a shrine before which friend greets friend and stranger greets stranger with words of Christmas cheer. Let voices young and old, and brasses and strings, blend in Christmas carols and hymns, in patriotic airs.

Everybody's Christmas Tree is proof positive that sentiment and reverence for the religion which is the real Plymouth Rock on which this Christian nation was founded, is not dying out. It is growing stronger each year, no matter what unpatriotic citizens would have us believe. The great Christmas Spirit grips the heart of the whole Christian world. It grips the heart of those living in peace under a Christian flag who are wont to call themselves Atheists, Infidels, or what they will.

There is something about Everybody's Christmas which sends the veriest unbeliever scurrying to buy Christmas greetings, meeting with friends around a holly-trimmed, candle-lighted table, saying: "Merry Christmas; Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," with right good will.

Long live Everybody's Christmas Tree!

LAURA A. SMITH.

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

CHRISTMAS is a perpetual witness of One who exalted the humble, raised the fallen and gave Himself for others.

GEORGE A. WALLACE.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

CLEAR ring the bells on frosty air
From out their tall towers welling ;
Their chimes proclaim a feast of joy
In every earthly dwelling.
In lofty castle, palace grand,
In hut or cottage lowly ;
The blessed time of Jesus' birth
Made e'en a manger holy.

ELWOOD ELDEENE SMALL.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

WOULD you see the grandest triumph of spiritual power? Eighteen hundred years ago, a patient sufferer walked the earth. . . . Born in a manger, He was crucified between thieves. To-day art dedicates its noblest temples to His worship, its divinest paintings to His memory, its grandest anthems to His praise. No soul is so high as to be above His power ; none so low as beneath His influence.

NEWTON BOOTH.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

I MADE a temple, marble-fashioned, and with incense
sweet,
And reverently, I closed the gilded doors against the
street,
But as I knelt, the light within the altar-candles died,
And all too well my soul could tell,—the Christ had
passed outside.
With humbled heart, I went into the teeming street again,
To seek his face in company with other common men.

FRANCES MORRISON.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

SINBAD had arrived at a period when the years no longer had jurisdiction over him. He had eliminated the first and the last of the seven ages, and had reduced himself to an altogether satisfying blend of the inner five, getting a trifle mellower through the shifting seasons, but not a whit older—which, after all, is the wisest compromise to make with that irritatingly scrupulous old codger who is constantly bustling about the earth with an hour-glass in one hand and a scythe in the other.

ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON.

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

LIFE is so fleet !
So many things to learn we see,
So much we would achieve must be
Left incomplete.
Life is so fleet !
It seems that we might better bear
Our cares and sorrows, and our fair
Dear dreams' defeat.

M. M. REDMAN.

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

AN OLD, old man !
A mariner upon life's sea
With brow turned home, and home in sight,
A firm hand guiding steadily ;
Clear skies, calm seas, and evening light.
Oh, after ail, it seems to me
A sweet and holy thing to be
An old, old man !

CLARA SHADDAY.

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

SHE found joy in providing for the wants of her children. She, who was first to love, was ever the last to censure. The memory of a mother's care and love should be enshrined in our gratitude. JOHN B. NOWLAND.

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

UNTROUBLED as the sea when storms are o'er,
Blessed as a benediction, heaven-sent,
Serenely happy in his calm content,
Is Age, who comes and does not leave us more.
Most great his dear-bought wisdom, sweet his store
Of tender mem'ries of dear days long spent ;
The hard-earned lessons, glad with bitter blent,
Seem now most precious of life's treasured lore.

And what though proud hopes died in embryo?
And what though eyes were oft-times blind with tears,
'Twas life, and just to live is good, and so
The loving, hoping, striving—each appears
Full worth the price ; and Age, with head bowed low
And thankful heart, looks back o'er shining years.

ETHEL BOWMAN RONALD.

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